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MARQUIS OF BUTE'S BRIDE



Miss Augusta Bellingham, daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, of Castlebellingham, County Louth, who is to be married to-day to the Marquis of Bute. The Marquis, of whom we also reproduce a portrait, is twenty-four years of age, the possessor of a princely income, and owner of some 117,000 acres. Like his beautiful bride, he comes of a family of staunch Roman Catholics.—(Thomson—Russell.)

FRANCE WINS THE MOTOR DERBY.

Théry Again Carries Off Gordon-Bennett Cup.

WINNER KISSED.

His Triumphal Progress in Car Smothered with Bouquets.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LASCHAMPS (Auvergne), Wednesday.—France, in the person of M. Théry, driver of a Richard-Brazier car, has once more won the Gordon-Bennett Cup over the Auvergne course.

As the winner of last year's Cup, he started first, and covered the four laps of the circuit, a distance of 366 miles, in 7 hours and 9 minutes.

He was accorded a tremendous ovation by the vast crowd at the place of arrival, and after going through the weighing formalities, he was received with open arms by M. Braizer, the manufacturer of the winning car, who hugged Théry to his breast and kissed him on both cheeks.

Muller, his mechanician, was also much applauded, and M. Théry was presented to the Minister for the Colonies, who pinned a decoration on his breast. Then there were shouts for the military band to play the "Marseillaise," and Théry and his car were literally smothered in bouquets of flowers.

Thousands of people from all parts of the world began to gather round the course as soon as it was daylight.

ENGLISHMAN FIFTH.

Thirty thousand soldiers were keeping the track clear, and the preparations for the race were most complete, although yesterday's storms had torn roofs off stands and spoilt the decorations.

Punctually at six o'clock Théry started off at a terrific pace, to be followed by Earl (England), Jenatzy (Germany), and Lancia (Italy), and the other fourteen competitors at intervals of five minutes.

The race finished in wind and rain, and this seems to have been the cause of the accident to Lancia, who, when twelve miles from the finish, at a place called the "Crater," was thrown out of his car, together with his mechanician, and badly injured.

The official placings at the end of the race were:—1, Théry (France); 2, Nazzari (Italy); 3, Cagno (Italy); 4, Caillous (France); and 5, Earl (England).

The noteworthy feature of the day's racing was the fact that in spite of the terrific speeds only one competitor, Lancia, met with an accident.

WHY THÉRY WON.

Because of a Happy Combination of a Good Car and Driving Ability.

(BY AN EXPERT.)

Why did Théry win the Gordon-Bennett race? Is it that his car was the best, or that his driving was the best?

The answer to these questions is that Théry's car was not necessarily the best, nor his driving the best, but that the combination of the two was the best.

A good driver can get more miles per hour out of a motor-car than a driver of less ability, just as a good jockey can get the most speed out of a horse.

There were 140 turns, most of them supposed to be dangerous, on the course. At each of these skill was required. A good driver who knew exactly the capacity of his car could go more quickly round these turns than a man of inferior ability.

On the course of 343 miles there would be, say, ten occasions on each mile (perhaps more) on which the best driver in the race could get a little more out of his machine than the second-best man could get out of the same machine. That would make 3,430 occasions. Suppose on each of these occasions the best did better by only one inch than the second man, he would finish 286 feet in front—enough to win by.

But the estimate of an inch is too little. The chances are that on each of these 3,430 occasions the best driver would do something that would give him an advantage of a yard over an inferior man. That would give him a lead of nearly two miles.

A good driver can get more out of his car on a straight road or going uphill, downhill, or on the level. He can start more quickly, stop more quickly, and change speed gears (which he must do up a steep hill) more quickly.

The good driver must have a good machine. Danny Maher could not have won the Derby on a cab-horse, nor could a bad jockey have won it even on Cicero.

COTTON GAMBLE.

Fortunes and Failures in Course of a Few Hours.

SCENE AT LIVERPOOL.

In consequence of the shortage of the American cotton crop, scenes of excitement, such as are only witnessed at times of exceptional crises, were witnessed on the Liverpool Cotton Exchange.

The atmosphere was charged with that suggestion of mental electricity that one associates with those times of Exchange tensions when fortunes are won or lost in the twinkling of an eye, and when the destinies of many lives are decided in a moment either by an act of well-considered boldness or sheer recklessness of impulse.

Brokers and their clerks assembled in an exciting mass waiting for the opening of the doors. Directly admission was granted there was a frantic rush.

When the American prices arrived shortly after three, the Exchange resembled a pandemonium round the cock-pit.

Spinners, who are alarmed at the short crop, were buying desperately through their brokers. Several Lancashire spinners are said to have been ruinously affected by their covering speculations of a month ago, and that more than one failure may be expected.

On the other hand several Liverpool brokers have made large sums. One young operator, newly married, cleared on Tuesday enough profit to purchase his suburban residence, still having a substantial balance left.

GUILLOTINE NECESSARY.

"C.-B." Taunts the Government with Having "No Driving Power."

"If the session is to be closed by the second week in August," said the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, yesterday, "only seventeen days remain for legislative work, and in that time the House ought to pass the Alien Bill, the Redistribution proposals, and the Scotch Church Bill."

This forecast of the Bills which are likely to be passed on the Statute-book was made by the Prime Minister yesterday, who moved a resolution for guillotining the Aliens Bill, under which the measure will have passed through its remaining stages in the House of Commons by July 19.

"The Government has lost all driving power," complained "C.-B.," "and are unable to carry great measures without the closure. That is why the guillotine has to be applied to a third-rate Bill which is only asked for in one or two parishes in the country." (Ripples of incredulous laughter.)

PREMIER'S SUNDAY GOLF.

Mr. Balfour Charmingly Impervious to Attacks of "His Sabbath Recreation."

Should the Prime Minister golf on Sundays? This interesting question was raised in the House of Commons yesterday.

"It's a public scandal," declared Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh, alluding to the Prime Minister's Sunday pastime, amid a chorus of Nationalist shouts of merriment.

The Premier, however, took no notice of the comment. Answering Mr. Reddy, an Irish member, he announced that the Government did not intend to introduce legislation this session to give effect to the recommendations of the Sabbath Observance Committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

POLYGLOT ADDRESSES.

Lord Bute's Wedding Compliments in English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh.

Castlebellingham, the seat of Sir Henry Bellingham, was a veritable Tower of Babel yesterday. The day had been set apart for the presentation of addresses to the Marquis of Bute congratulating him on his approaching marriage to Miss Bellingham.

No less than four tongues were represented in the numerous addresses presented—English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh. One address was in both Welsh and English, and a Gaelic poem was recited by the Lynch schoolmaster. The Pope sent his benediction to the bride and bridegroom.

REFORMS NEEDED AT ETON.

Lord Tumour, M.P., criticises Eton, his old school, in the "National Review." He advises the new headmaster to build a gymnasium and a new sick-house.

"At present," he says, "the only infirmary to which such a case as that of a boy with a broken thigh could be sent would be Eton Workhouse or the Windsor Infirmary."

STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

More Scenes of Bloodshed in the Russian Capital.

The scene of interest in Russia has changed from Odessa to St. Petersburg again. Cossacks yesterday fired on strikers at the Putiloff works, and the situation is reported as most threatening.

The rebel battleship Kniaz Potemkin is now off Theodosia, not far from Sevastopol.

THREE VOLLEYS FIRED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—Cossacks fired on the Putiloff strikers this morning.

The sequence of events was apparently as follows:

A young man, the son of a foreman who attempted to enter the Putiloff works, was arrested by a policeman, who suspected him of being a dynamitard. The youth drew a revolver and fired, killing the policeman. Then either a soldier or a policeman fired at the youth and wounded him in the side.

The sound of the shots brought together an immense concourse of workmen on the Peterhof road, and Cossacks were brought up to disperse them. The Cossacks first charged, using their nagaikas, then three volleys were fired, causing several casualties among the strikers.

The situation is most threatening. The Putiloff strikers are gathered in the streets in groups. Their indignation was increased to fever pitch when they heard a party of Cossacks singing outside the works.—Reuter.

POTEMKIN ON THE PROWL.

THEODOSIA (Crimea), Wednesday.—The rebel battleship Kniaz Potemkin has arrived and has asked for coal and provisions and a doctor. The mutineers have demanded from the town authorities a guarantee of their safety during their stay.—Reuter.

The Exchange Telegraph Company's correspondent at St. Petersburg says that the treasure in possession of the mutineers amounts to £75,000. The Georgei Pobiedonosets is now with Admiral Kruger's squadron at Sevastopol.

ST. GEORGE OF RUSSIA."

Name of England's Patron Saint Borne by Mutinous Battleship.

The name of the battleship Georgei Pobiedonosets, whose crew mutinied and afterwards surrendered, has a special interest for English people.

"It means," a correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" points out, "George the Bearer of Victory, or simply 'George the Victor.' He is, of course, none other than our old friend George of Cappadocia, who vanquished the dragon, and for no particular reason became the patron saint not only of Merry England but of old-time Muscovy."

"In this manner he became one of the patron saints of Russia and of the Romanoffs in their capacity of Grand Dukes of Moscow, a title from which all their other titles are derived. The conflict between this George and the Dragon has thus not only provided our gold currency with a handsome reverse, but has also provided both town and province of Moscow with a coat of arms.

WROTE NOVEL IN PRISON.

Release of Romain Daurignac, Brother of the Famous Mme. Humbert.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—M. Romain Daurignac, brother of Mme. Humbert, has been released from prison.

Daurignac was the light comedian of the great Humbert frauds. During the trial he appeared mostly concerned about curling his moustache and looking oblivious of his surroundings.

In the role of court jester, he kept the public in constant mirth. He told the Court that while in prison he wrote 200 letters and a novel called "Yannisse" to while away the time.

When post-office clerks wrote to the Crawford initials, Romain exclaimed: "Really, I must have a double somewhere. I wish I had him in this box."

He then disclosed a dark secret of his married life. When he called for the initialised letters, he said he was merely carrying on an intrigue with a woman other than his wife.

In his prison cell Romain relieved the tedium by playing with the spiders that visited him. One of his sayings was that spiders were better company than some human beings. They were so guileless.

RAFT TO CROSS THE OCEAN.

A raft consisting of 10,000,000 feet of spars and timber is to be sent, it is announced, by a British Columbia company across the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Shanghai. It will be towed by tugs and accompanied by a collier.

Shipowners consider the enterprise extremely dangerous.

TO SHOOT TIGERS.

Beasts Will Not Be Drugged to Avoid Danger.

DANGEROUS SPORT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CALCUTTA, Wednesday.—Those responsible for the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India in October are in a perfect fever of preparation.

No one but those associated with the preliminaries of a state event of this magnitude can imagine the extent of perplexing detail—detail of etiquette, of uniform, and of diplomatic respect for acute matters of creed and caste—with which the Court functionaries have to deal.

The Prince, when he reaches India, will be the guest of three great native princes—the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, and the Maharajah of Ulwar.

Hints of the great fêtes and sports which these immensely wealthy native rulers will show the Prince of Wales are already current. Although the giving of presents has been expressly forbidden, no restraint has been placed on entertaining, and the three great native princes will each in their way do what they can to maintain the reputation of their race for lavish hospitality.

PALACE OF PEARLS.

With the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who was recently in England, his Royal Highness will stay nine days. The whole of the Moti Mahal, or Palace of Pearls, is to be given up to the Prince and his suite.

While in Kapurthala, the Prince will be able to take part in the greatest of all Indian sports. Six days are to be devoted to tiger-shoots. On one of the remaining days a great state ball, to which the elite of India, both native and European, are expecting invitations, will be given.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala has expressed his intention of giving the Prince of Wales a real "shoot" not the sort of thing given by some who have entertained distinguished European visitors.

The method pursued on these occasions has been to carefully "plant" in the district freshly-killed bullocks, whose flesh has been impregnated with narcotics. When the brutes, carefully beaten up to their "prey" have been thoroughly gorged with opium-loaded flesh, they are driven, sleepy and listless, towards the spot where the elephants of the shooting party are making their way.

From the howdah of his elephant, the visiting sportsman has been able to easily add a tiger to his bag. The beaters are the only persons who run any risks.

LAZY TIGERS.

Indian gossip declares that Lord Curzon has been made a victim of this sort of well-meant kindness. In order to ensure the safety of the Viceroy, his tigers were beaten up to him in a peculiarly lazy condition, and evinced no particular objection to being shot.

Both the Prince and the Maharajah are too good sportsmen to countenance such methods as these. There is no doubt that on the six days on which his Royal Highness will be able to indulge in tiger-shooting he will see some real sport.

From Kapurthala the Prince will go to the neighbouring State of Ulwar, where Maharajah Jai Shing will be his host for two days. In the ancient city of Ulwar the Prince will see many strange customs of old India.

In this city, also, a great polo match will be played, and both Maharajahs, who are two of the finest exponents of the game in India, will exhibit their prowess before their royal visitor.

Landsdowne Palace, the foundation-stone of which was laid during the time when Lord Lansdowne was Viceroy of India, one of the most magnificent modern residences in India, will be allotted to the Prince of Wales during his stay in Ulwar.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Owing to the bursting of a steampipe on the British steamer Johannesburg in the Channel, six Lancasters were killed. They were buried at sea.

Whilst driving a motor-car in Leipzig a young lady was struck and killed by lightning, but a friend accompanying her escaped unharmed.

Immense damage has been caused by a cyclone in the Spanish town of Saragossa. All communications are interrupted and the country around has been devastated.

The casualty list of the Fourth of July celebrations in Manhattan shows eight persons killed, seventeen dangerously wounded, and 206 injured. There were also seventy-five fires.

"I am sure God will give the Church strength to overcome the new crisis," said the Pope to his Cardinals after receiving a full report concerning the vote of the French Chamber approving the separation of Church and State.

THE THIRD TEST.

Colonials' Dogged Defence in Their
Second Innings.

ENGLAND BETTER SIDE.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

After three full days' cricket the third Test match between England and Australia, at Leeds, was left drawn, like the second at Lord's, vastly in favour of England. The game ended at 6.20 owing to bad light.

At one time it looked an easy victory for England, but the Australians played a dogged, defensive game, and the end came with only seven wickets down and 224 runs on the board. Thus Australia still required another 178 runs to win.

England has proved a worthy holder of the "Ashes." In all three games yet played the Old Country has been much the better side. It will be remembered that the Nottingham match was won by England, and now Australia must win both at Manchester and the Oval to secure the rubber.

Shortly after eleven in beautiful weather the third Test was resumed, Tyldesley and Denton facing Armstrong and McLeod. The tactics of the two sides were obvious from the start, England needing to force the game for a speedy declaration, and Australia attempting to keep down the runs.

English Captain Cheered.

Armstrong had the best of the argument at the start, Denton being quickly and neatly caught on the square leg boundary by Hill. Followed Jock-sound rounds of applause. The English skipper was out for blocks, quickly rattled up 17; then Armstrong claimed another wicket, Duff bringing up an easy catch at fine leg, from a mis-hit.

With Hirst in the rate of scoring, which had not been really fast, in spite of a number of excellent shots, increased McLeod got thumped by Hirst for two 4's and a 2, and gave way to Noble.

In the first hour, thanks to fine bowling and fielding, the Englishmen only got 62. Of these Tyldesley, who was rather badly hurt by Armstrong, claimed only 18. At 234 Hirst, attempting to play to leg, gave a chance high up, right hand to Armstrong at short slip, and a single resulted. Off the following ball Tyldesley gave a somewhat simple chance to the same fieldman. True, the ball was travelling, but Armstrong got both hands to it and should have held it.

These mishaps seemed to upset Armstrong, whose next over was a poor one and yielded 15, 13 of which counted to Tyldesley. In Noble's next over Tyldesley completed his century, but in the next he was well stumped by Kelly off Armstrong's fast one—a pretty piece of tactics all round.

Tyldesley's Fine Century.

Tyldesley's 100 was a fine display in every way. Barring a chance of "a and b" at 18 on Tuesday and at 82, he gave no chance, although taking all sorts of risks, 258—5—100.

Up to date Armstrong had bowled unchanged, and had taken all the wickets. Bosanquet joined Hirst, and both belted away again in great form, hitting all the bad ones and a few good ones as well.

With 296 for five on the board, England then having a lead of 401, Jackson declared the innings closed. In spite of the big score put up against them, the Australians have little to blame themselves for on the score of fielding. Their ground work was fine throughout, while the throwing-in was perfection itself. As for Kelly's wicket-keeping it was absolutely beyond praise. It is doubtful whether any living wicket-keeper could have watched the sticks as he did. Armstrong's bowling was superb. He bowled for five hours unchanged, with the other end doing little to help him, and came out with a wonderful analysis. Had he caught Tyldesley off his own bowling his analysis would have been considerably better.

Trumper Bowled for None.

The Australians started their second venture with Trumper and Duff. The start was sensational, as after two byes had been scored, Trumper cut Warren into Hirst's hands at third slip, and had to go (2—1—0). With the total at 6 Hill was missed by Hayward, at second slip before he had scored. The ball came to hand, and the chance was not a hard one.

After lunch runs came fast, until 36 was up, when Hirst shot Duff's leg-peg off the ground with a fizz, which came right across (36—2—17). At 52 a double change was tried, Haigh replacing Hirst and Bosanquet Warren. Bosanquet gave away a lot of singles, which did not matter, but he made an excellent foil for Haigh, who at 64 had Hill well taken at point off a wide ball for 35.

Armstrong had a dig at the first one, which just missed the wicket, and went for three byes amid exclamations.

(Continued on page 14.)

Lady Bathers Checkmated by Draining of the Cookham Pool.

The opponents of ladies' bathing at Cookham are unrelenting.

The champions of these fair nymphs so far triumphed that the picturesquely-situated pool behind Cookham Lock was duly prepared in spite of all hostility, and the ladies were enabled to dip themselves in the waters of the Thames.

For this they had to thank chiefly Mr. E. Cooper and Councillor A. Upson, of Maidenhead, who gallantly espoused their cause at Monday's meeting of the Cookham Parish Council, when Sir George Young, a local landowner, and the most bitter opponent of the scheme, called attention to the fact that the small island used for the bathing-place is part of the common land belonging to the parish.

But their triumph has been short-lived. Yesterday Sir George Young caused a gang of labourers to work in his own ditch adjoining the bathing-place, and the concrete dam constructed by the owner to facilitate his will will shortly be demolished, with the result that the water will eventually be drained from the bathing-pool.

Much local indignation has been aroused by Sir George Young's attitude.

WAR OF THE WAYS.

Expert Thinks Motor-Omnibuses Cannot Compete with Trams.

The question as to whether the motor-omnibus or the electric tramcar is destined to be the passenger vehicle of the future was the subject of an interesting address by Mr. Lunley, general manager of the Wolverhampton Tramways, at the Agricultural Hall yesterday.

At present, he said, the tramcar had the best of it. A motor-omnibus service costs about 11.5d. a mile; an electric car service 9.75d. per car mile.

The maintenance and renewal of tyres of motor-omnibuses was one of the principal items of expense.

The motor-omnibus, however, was to be welcomed as an admirable substitute for the horse-omnibus on roads where the traffic did not warrant a frequent service or where the streets were too narrow for a tramway track to be laid down. They might be worked with advantage as feeders in connection with a tramway system.

WORSE THAN WILD BEASTS."

Anti-Motoring Canon Makes a Fierce Attack on Child Insurance.

Canon Greenwell, who drew upon himself much comment by his condemnation of motorists, delivered a severe censure upon neglectful parents at Durham yesterday.

In passing sentence of six months' imprisonment upon Frederick and Dorothy Simpson for cruelty to the children, he said they were worse than wild beasts, because a wild beast kept itself clean and looked after its cubs.

They ill-treated and starved them and kept them under conditions injurious to health.

It looked to him very much as though they intended to kill their offspring.

The Coroner considered that a greater surveillance should be kept over insurance agents, for the agents must have known how these people lived and treated their children.

DEALS IN THOUSANDS.

Curious Evidence Given Against Ex-M.P. on Grave Charges of Misappropriation.

Further remarkable evidence was given at Newcastle yesterday at the resumed hearing of the charges against John Lockie, shipowner, and ex-M.P. for Devonport, of misappropriating over £20,000 belonging to steamship companies of which he was managing director.

Mr. Thomas Turkentine, liquidator, detailed the sums received by Mr. Lockie in respect of the Jupiter Company. On behalf of the company a vessel was sold for £36,500. Lockie received £14,340.

Part of the purchase-money was paid to the Ceres Company, to which the Jupiter Company was indebted, and was used to reduce Mr. Lockie's indebtedness to the company, and the same went to reduce his indebtedness to the Venus Company.

MOTOR-CAR DEATH.

No blame was attached by a Westminster jury yesterday to the driver of the motor-car which knocked down Miss Ada Fritz, twenty-one, of Canning-square, Mayfair, in Grosvenor-square on November 17 last.

Miss Fritz sustained a fractured spine, and was removed to St. George's Hospital, where she remained until her death.

How Mrs. Annie Besant Conversed with a Ghostly Friend.

WEIRD EXPERIENCES.

Mrs. Annie Besant, who some twenty years ago was famous for the active part she played in the Labour and Socialist movements, has come from Benares, where she founded the Central Hindu College in 1898, to preside over the Congress of the Theosophical Societies of the Western Nations.

Yesterday Mrs. Besant unfolded to the *Daily Mirror* many strange and mysterious beliefs which she firmly adheres to.

"Certainly I can project my astral spirit where I will, leaving my physical body as it were in a trance," she said.

"A very dear friend of mine, who was an Agnostic, died, and he believed on his deathbed that that would be, literally, his end. He has told me that he was very much surprised when he woke up 'on the other side,' for I have had many conversations with him since. When first my astral spirit met his he thought that I must be dead also."

Within Reach of All.

"There is no reason why you should not do the same thing," said Mrs. Besant. "But it means long and arduous study and a certain dieting. Since 1889 I have never touched alcohol or drugs, and I lead a strictly vegetarian life."

"The chief point is that command of the astral spirit does away altogether with the bogey fear of death. The physical body is destroyed, but friends, lovers, parents, and children recognise each other, and are together in their astral forms."

"In 1889, when I first lectured in London and spoke of reincarnation, a ripple of quiet laughter would run round the room. Now it is quite different. People are beginning to believe that we do appear on earth again, and have been here in a previous existence."

"In India it is recognised, and when a child says to his parents, 'before you were my father and mother, I did so-and-so,' the parents look on it as quite a natural statement. In England parents kill such ideas in children."

"I knew a little boy in England who was very clever at modelling in clay. The first time that he went to the Crystal Palace with his mother and saw the statues he said: 'I made those.' His mother said: 'What?' 'I made those before you were my mother,' the child replied."

The interview was closed by Mrs. Besant saying that the theosophical movement was spreading and she was very hopeful as to its future.

ARCHBISHOP OF LONDON."

Primate Speaks Strongly Against a Suggested Sweeping Change.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was moved to some very plain speaking yesterday at the Convocation of Canterbury assembled at the Church House, Westminster.

The prolocutor presented to the Upper House a resolution passed by the Lower House suggesting that, in view of the growing popularity and importance of Greater London their Lordships might consider creating a province of London.

This sweeping suggestion that a third Archbishopric should be created in England was frankly dealt with by his Grace.

He said it was startling in character and really suggested a reconstruction of the constitution of the Church of England, which had existed from the days of Augustine.

His Grace said he could assent to no such reference without a great deal more deliberation, and the matter was dropped.

£15 A LEAF.

Record Price of £1,350 Given for Caxton's "Book of Caton."

Christie's was crowded yesterday for the sale of a perfect copy of Caxton's "Book of Caton," printed in 1483, of which only eight copies are known.

The bidding opened at £100, and there was a three-cornered fight between two London dealers and an American buyer, until, at £1,350, the precious little volume, which only contained seventy-six printed leaves, was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch.

It is a record price for this book, though in 1901 a copy of Caxton's "Ryal Book" realised £1,250, and in 1902 a finer copy went for the record price of £2,250.

HOARD IN A ROOF.

Under the roof of an old house at Blackheath, which is being pulled down, workmen yesterday discovered a quantity of gold and silver articles, including watches, rings, and spoons.

How He Resented an Affront to His Offended Dignity.

The peppery Indian colonel of fiction appeared in real life yesterday before Mr. Plowden, at West London Police Court.

All the trouble was over the official's boots. Colonel Francis Middlecoat, of the Madras Staff Corps (retired), was at Melrose-gardens, Shepherd's Bush. He left a pair of boots to be repaired at the shop of a Mr. Short. They stayed there five weeks, as boots left under such circumstances are apt to remain. On going to fetch the boots' the gaunt colonel was incensed at the bootmaker's man. The bootmaker's daughter, Nellie, too, threw the boots at him, hitting him in the side. Hence an action for assault against the girl.

Miss Short denied that she threw the boots; they merely slipped out of her hands at the Colonel's feet.

Miss Short added that the Colonel entered the shop in a towering rage, threatened to "cut her father down" with his stick, and she interfered between him and her father.

Mr. Plowden: Well, it's a very small matter, and I am surprised a gentleman in the Colonel's position should come to a police court on such a matter. But, still, his dignity has been affronted, and the dignity of a Madras colonel may be a very big thing. At the time of the occurrence the Colonel's temperature apparently was that of Madras curry; now he has cooled down from curry to ice. Then, he might have been in the "towering rage" appropriate to an Indian officer; now, he is full of magnanimity, and all he desires is that you should say, "I am sorry." Will you say it?

Miss Short (very decidedly): No, sir.

Mr. Plowden: Then I presume you are glad.

Defendant: No, I am not glad and I am not sorry.

Mr. Plowden: Ah, I see, "that sweet calm which is just between." Well, I must go on with the case, and as I must come to the conclusion that you did throw the boots, and as the Colonel wants some police-court plaster for his wounds, I must bind you over in £5 to keep the peace for six months.

104 IN THE SHADE.

London Only Warm, but People Mad from Heat in Rome and Berlin.

Plenty of heat but little sunshine ushered in July this year.

During the first five days of July last year thirty hours of bright sunshine and .35in. of rain were recorded, but the corresponding period of this year gives less than twenty-eight hours of sunshine and only .07in. of rain.

Yesterday it was close and warm in London, but compared with several places on the Continent England was comfortably cool. The temperature of Rome yesterday was 104, of Berlin, Milan, and Constantinople 99, and in Austria 100 was registered on the shade.

Hundreds of cases of sunstroke and of madness due to the intense heat are reported from the above-mentioned places.

ENTENTE BY MUSIC.

How the "Besses o' th' Barn" Helped to Cement Friendship with France.

One very satisfactory result of the French visit of the "Besses o' th' Barn," who have just returned to England, is that they have been offered a big engagement for next season at Dieppe.

"I think the political significance of the tour deserves recognition," said Mr. Hes, the manager of the tour, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The fact that these English working men came hundreds of miles to play for French charities touched the hearts of our neighbours across the Channel inexpressibly. And then our men talked to them in a language everybody understands—that of music."

"There was a pretty little incident in Paris, outside the Embassy Church. Three Lancashire lasses, living in Paris, approached us and asked timidly if they might speak to the band. They went up to the men, and you should have seen the latter's faces light when they heard the former's dialect of their own home.

"The biggest audience we had was at Marseilles, 100,000 being present at the concert in the central square."

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF NATURE.

"COUNTRY-SIDE."

Edited by Mr. E. KAY ROBINSON.

NEW NUMBER
NOW ON SALE.

ONE PENNY EVERYWHERE.

RS OF TOBY, M.P." IN COURT.

of Wits Between Judge and
Counsel.

PUNCH" LIBEL SUIT.

Justice Darling sparkled; Mr. Augustine, K.C., "birrelled." The more one ed the more the other "birrelled." What is happened when the libel suit "Mr. Punch" was continued yesterday Bench Court II.

F. Moy Thomas, a biographer—the term is Birrell's, introduced, as he said, from Chan—false analogy with mortgagor—had brought against "Toby, M.P.," sometimes known H. W. Lucy, and against the publishers proprietors of "Punch," claiming damages unfair review of a biography written by Thomas.

biographer—the term is again Mr. Birrell's, and on false analogy with mortgagee—was the John Robinson. biographer declared that he had been spited—cused of trying to shine with light borrowed the biographer.

Gladstone's Sense of Humour.

After the resumption of the case a dis—l. Some had said that Mr. Gladstone lined with Mr. Lucy, and then somebody else that Mr. Gladstone had no sense of humour. Justice Darling (sparkling): If he had not left the Tory party for the Liberal. Dickens, K.C., read a passage from Mr. as's book which said that Mr. Lucy, when up the editorship of the "Daily News," red pictures description to criticism. "I wish," said Mr. Dickens, trying to spark— "birrel" at once, "that Mr. Lucy had red pictures description to criticism when the review."

Justice Darling (sparkling): Perhaps the is merely pictures description after all. Moy Thomas, whose diffident manner the and "birrelling" threw into strong re—gave evidence how he had once "cut" "Toby, M.P.," in Piccadilly, and how "Toby," had "cut" him.

Justice Darling (sparkling): Whose duty to salute? When a captain meets a colonel captain must salute. I do not know what the among journalists is.

corrected edition of "Punch," with the ob—able review removed, Mr. Thomas admitted, out to be a substitute. But the Reform Club to take it, he added.

Justice Darling (sparkling): They call those called editions.

Explained About His Obituary.

Birrell then had a bout of "birrelling" under cross-examination. He told a story Mr. Thomas's book about an M.P. who com—ed to an editor an obituary of him, published by mistake, was far too short to ammenurate with his importance.

John Robinson told me the story," said Mr. as, "and he also told me the name of the Birrell, (with the air of one who seeks in—ition, and pointing to Mr. Atherley Jones, M.P., sitting by his side): Was it my friend, Atherley Jones?

Justice Darling (sparkling): Perhaps it was body who was no longer in Parliament. (Mr. as is no longer in Parliament.)

er "Toby, M.P.," gave evidence, but the his position as litigant prevented him from barking in his usual sprightly manner in with the sparkling and "birrelling." He said that he had any wish to disparage Mr. as. He called Mr. Thomas, "a struggling artist," and then withdrew the expression.

Birrell: Are you a struggling journalist? "Toby, M.P.," I was.

Birrell ("birrelling"): When did you leave England?

"Toby, M.P.": Last night.

Mr. Birrell's final speech to the jury a and a "birrellism" got into dazzling con—on.

Birrell had said that a man ought not to be punished for having a flight of fancy.

Justice Darling (sparkling): There are very people who could be punished on that account.

Birrell ("birrelling"): I don't think such aiment would create any judicial vacancies. A report provoked more laughter than all the and "birrelling" that had gone before.

Mr. Dickens had replied the case was

RTUNES FROM SHORT WEIGHT.

was stated at Highgate Police Court yester—day that a baker has been known, by giving 10z. weight on each loaf, to make £4 a week, or a year.

MORALS AND MONEY.

Victory of the Wife in Famous Con—stantinidi Case.

The appeal of Mrs. Lance, formerly Mrs. Constantini, against an order of the late President of the Divorce Division varying her marriage settlements in favour of the husband who had divorced her, was allowed by the Appeal Court yesterday.

Mr. Constantini had applied for a divorce on the ground of his wife's misconduct with Dr. Lance. A decree nisi was granted him, with £2500 damages against Dr. Lance, although it was proved that Mr. Constantini had been un—faithful to his wife, the Judge holding that the wife's misbehaviour had conduced to that of her husband.

Mr. Constantini was given, in addition to all the money he had brought into the settlement, £1,000 a year, part of the interest on the amount his wife had contributed to the settlement; £500 a year for four years, and another £1,000 when the divorced wife came into possession of certain property upon the death of her mother.

In giving judgment yesterday Lord Justice Vaughan Williams said that, as nothing had been urged in palliation of the husband's misconduct, a thousand a year was the outside which should have been allowed as income to the husband, and he did not think that the interests of public morality would justify the giving of a larger sum to a husband under those circumstances. The other Lords Justices concurred.

TELL-TALE BOTTLE.

Supposed Perpetrators of Gruesome Paris Crime Traced by Finger-Prints.

Bow-street Police Court was fairly alive yesterday with finger-print photographs of all shapes and sizes.

The occasion was an application for the extradition of Gaston Henri Thiriot and Jean Baptiste Sauzat, charged with murder in Paris.

M. Hamard, chief of the Paris detectives, described how he went to a shop in the Rue Houdon and found a woman lying dead, with a gag in her mouth, in the midst of a general medley of broken furniture. The till had been burst open and the contents ransacked.

Noticing finger-prints on a bottle in the room, he handed it over to M. Berillon, the famous expert, who described how he photographed the prints, enlarged them, and compared them with two prints of Sauzat's fingers previously taken. He found they tallied exactly. The prisoners, who seemed exceedingly amused at the proceedings, were committed for extradition—Sauzat for murder and robbery, and Thiriot as an accessory after the fact.

BIRD AS BURGLAR ALARM.

Cockatoo's Shriek Leads To Arrest of Alleged Housebreaker.

A cockatoo figured to useful effect at a flat in Boundary-street, Bethnal Green, this week.

Henry White was charged, at Worship-street yesterday, with breaking into a flat occupied by an old man named Marshall, who lived alone.

On returning to his home on Tuesday, Marshall found the place broken into. In the meantime, however, a neighbour stated that she heard Mr. Marshall's cockatoo screaming as though to indicate there was a stranger in the house.

She told her husband, who pursued White. The latter was caught, and yesterday was committed for trial.

REVOLVERS AS HEIRLOOMS.

Licence Necessary for Weapon Kept as Memento of the Indian Mutiny?

A very curious defence was raised by Henry Dufferin, a Clapham coachman, who was yesterday discharged on a summons for having a revolver without a licence.

Dufferin said he possessed two revolvers, but they were heirlooms, for which he did not think he required a licence.

One of the weapons, he said, was once the property of an uncle, and was used by him at Lucknow. The other revolver was carried by his brother in the Jameson Raid.

One of the revolvers, said Dufferin, was quite obsolete, as there was not a cartridge in existence that could fit it. "I would not part with it," he added, "for its weight in gold in consideration of the lives it has saved and defended. I've had it wrapped in an old flag of the Condor, commanded by Lord Charles Beresford at the bombardment of Alexandria."

BARRISTER'S "FIVE MINUTES."

Counsel at Bow County Court yesterday: I shall not be longer than five minutes, your Honour, as I have to catch a train.

The Judge (after counsel had spoken for twenty-five minutes): I am afraid you have lost your train.

NEW HENLEY WOMAN.

Reverses Rule of the Sexes and Rescues a Man.

Woman, who is supposed to dominate Henley week by the sheer force of her natural charms and lovely dresses, yesterday assumed a new and still more captivating rôle.

One of the beautiful habitués of the regatta, as she sculled her light skiff in a business-like manner past Phyllis Court, effected the gallant rescue of an unfortunate "mere man" who had helplessly fallen from his punt into the Thames.

Times change. In days of old it was the gallant youth who rescued luckless maidens, but now it is the practical damsel in her practical Henley gown who rescues the erstwhile rescuer.

Bolter's Lock was at an early hour crowded with bunting bearing huge stores of hamper and delicacies for the crowds which assembled later on the Henley lawns and enclosures.

The international nature of yesterday's racing added spice to the proceedings, and the Berkshire shore held the greatest crowd on record for the second day's sport.

That the sport was of the "deadly earnest" type is proved by the fact that R. B. Powell, after rowing in the Leander-Vesper race in the morning, was hauled out of the Third Trinity boat in an unconscious condition. He had rowed himself out in the race with the Thames R.C.

The Vesper crew told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that they were acutely disappointed at their defeat.

"We were practically unconscious when we passed the post," they said; "but anyhow, though we are beaten, we mean to have a good time on Thursday."

It is expected that Leander will easily defeat the Belgian crew in the final for the Grand Challenge Cup.

FAITHLESS LOVER.

Courts His Future Wife While Engaged to Another Girl.

Not satisfied with throwing over Miss Annie Williams, a barmaid at Dorking, to whom he had been engaged, and marrying another young woman, George Edwards, a coachman, further incensed her by setting down with his wife in a house exactly opposite the Windmill Public-house, where she was employed.

The natural sequel was a breach of promise action, and yesterday, in the London Sheriff's Court, a jury was asked to assess the damages. It was stated that Edwards after becoming engaged to Miss Williams, in 1902, kept postponing the date of their marriage, until finally, at the beginning of this year, he announced that he "must marry" another young woman, and shortly afterwards did so.

It was evident, said counsel, that Edwards had been courting the second girl while still betrothed to Miss Williams.

The jury assessed the damages at £15.

CLASSIFIED HOLIDAY HINTS.

New and Admirable Publication That Is an Index to Summer Resorts.

Thoughts of sea and shore, river and country are paramount in the minds of most of us as the time for holiday approaches. The old difficulty arises—where to go, and how to get there, and, when "there," where to stay. The difficulty has not been the want of information, but rather the proper classification of it in one book for the holiday-day.

The *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide gives all this in concise and simple form; not only this, but a great deal more dealing directly on holiday matters. For instance, the question of family or mixed bathing—often overlooked—finds consideration in this excellent Guide, the price of which, by the way, is only threepence.

The golfer, angler, cyclist, motorist, and sportsman have also been catered for in its compilation.

JOY THAT KILLED.

After being twelve months out of work, Charles Webb, labourer, of Brentford, secured employment at the local waterworks.

Full of joy he went out to his toil on Tuesday, but returning at night, fell dead in his wife's arms. Death is believed to be due to shock caused by excessive joy at the turn of his fortunes.

ADMIRAL AS WITNESS.

Admiral Sir Richard Tracy made an appeal on behalf of his late butler, William Jane, at the Westminster Police Court yesterday.

Jane was charged with attempting to drown himself in the Thames. A life-belt was thrown to him, but he allowed it to pass. He was rescued by a rope. Remanded for inquiries.

PETITION FOR MISS DOUGHTY.

Home Secretary To Be Asked for Revision of Sentence.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

The agitation for the revision of the sentence of seven years' penal servitude, passed by Mr. Justice Grantham, on Florence Doughty, takes decisive shape to-day by the circulation of copies of the petition to be presented to the Home Secretary.

In it a revision of the sentence is claimed on the following grounds:—

- The jury acquitted Florence Doughty on the charge of shooting with intent to murder and only found her guilty of wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm.
- They added to their verdict a strong recommendation to mercy—a recommendation which was apparently entirely ignored by the learned Judge.
- The evidence adduced by the prosecution disclosed that Florence Doughty had suffered grievous moral wrong, that she had undergone great mental anguish which had seriously affected her mind, and that although the evidence did not extend to the proof that she was in fact insane, it clearly showed that she was in a condition bordering on insanity, and that while evidently resolved to take her own life and thus determine her misery and sorrow, her statements and her pathetic letters disclosed no criminal intention towards either of the persons subsequently wounded, but rather in the case of at least one of them the tenderest affection and regard.

In an interview Mr. Barrington Matthews, the solicitor, who is acting for Mr. Doughty, said that, in view of the influential and numerous signatories anticipated, he was very hopeful of the petition prevailing with the authorities.

Miss Doughty, he regretted to say, was still in the prison infirmary, suffering unutterable mental anguish. She could not eat, and had to be artificially nourished. Unless something were done to console her, it seemed as though her punishment would prove greater than her mind could bear.

Copies of the petition will be supplied by Mr. Barrington Matthews, of 22, Great Marlborough-street, W.C., to all who make application.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

From all quarters letters are pouring in to the editor of the *Daily Mirror* expressing sympathy with Miss Doughty.

Mr. Mond, C.M., the well-known authoress of "The Morality of Marriage," writing from the Hotel de la Tete Noire, Bellerue, France, says:—

Mr. Justice Grantham's judgment seems very hard. Personally, I do not believe in punishment at all. It belongs to the primitive stage of reprisal and brute force. It was difficult, no doubt, for the Judge. He had to pronounce according to law and precedent of the moment; not to follow his own ideas. But Miss Doughty's was a very hard case.

Mrs. Manning Caffyn, better known to the public by her nom-de-plume, "Iota," writes:—

I feel in a vague way that the young woman was from the first unbalanced and silly, and that to the unjudicious mind seven years' imprisonment would be extremely likely to turn the want of balance into dangerous and confirmed lunacy.

There seems to be no doubt that for an outburst of melodramatic rage and despair the conviction is ridiculously severe.

I hope the sentence will be reprieved and the woman helped to her better self.

LUNACY EXPERT'S OPINION.

"Miss Doughty was charged with wounding with intent to murder, also with attempting to commit suicide," wrote Dr. Forbes Winslow to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "For the former act she has been condemned to seven years' penal servitude.

"If she had been successful in the second part of the charge and effected her purpose, a well-premeditated plan, as is proved by the letters left behind her, I ask could the verdict of the coroner's jury have been anything else than that of Suicide whilst suffering from temporary insanity? What applies to one part of this charge should certainly apply to the other."

On the other hand, many letters have been received from married women who can find no sympathy for Miss Doughty. The fact that Mr. Swan was a married man seems to be the point which hardens their hearts against her.

Owing to the theft of 320 volumes valued at £152, from the Westminster Public Libraries, the free access system has been dropped.

EWMARKET'S ROYAL PICNIC.

The King an Interested Spectator
—Earla Mor's Success.

ALCANZOR'S ATONEMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

NEWMARKET, Wednesday Evening.—Somewhat brighter weather prevailed for the second stage of the July Meeting. There was brilliant sunshine as the King took an early morning airing on the beautiful stretch of heath, but in the afternoon the sun disappeared, and a brisk breeze laden with the perfumes of the new-mown fields, tempered the midsummer heat.

The King drove up before the horses went to the post for the Plantation Plate, and witnessed a very pretty race, in which Mr. J. B. Joel's Water-flower added to her laurels by beating fifteen opponents. The filly was heavily backed at short prices, albeit there was a lot of money for the Lady Uncas youngster, which was running in the interests of a division that gambles to a very lively tune. Their adventure to-day failed by a neck.

SIR E. CASSEL'S SUCCESS.

The King adjourned to luncheon as the preliminaries were determined for the Soham Plate. His Majesty's host of the previous evening secured the honours in this race with Sermon, which speedy horse got home after a very close struggle against Lord Dalmeny's Fingallian.

The last-named is not a very reliable racer, but was supported with the customary spirit shown by the young men associated with Lord Dalmeny's racing fortunes. Their hopes seemed justified, as Fingallian led the field from Divorce Court in the centre and Sermon on the extreme right. Sermon scored by a few inches, technically known as a head. The runner had in previous essays this season occupied the irritating position of second on several occasions.

The King, attired in light grey and a white bowler, took a seat under the shade of the trees, just beside the stable, as the Duke of Cambridge's Handicap was decided. The Duke of Devonshire, more directly interested as he was a competitor, held a place on the balcony. The Duke replaced the small straw hat of last afternoon with a capacious Panama, and all the men followed the royal example in easy summer costume.

A CONSPICUOUS BOWLER.

Mr. Henry Chaplin wore his favourite black bowler, and his presence reminded us that the rose jacket is seldom seen nowadays.

There were again as many ladies as men present in the more exclusive enclosures, and the scene by the plantation was like a fashionable garden party. The public made Chardon's favourite, a horse whose career extended over South America and South Africa before coming to England. He has done good service for the late George Lambton's stable, but dropped out early in this race, and the spoils fell to the Irish horse Earla Mor, after a pretty tussle, to which Sir Edgar Vincent's Donetta figured most prominently for the greater part of the journey.

Best Light, who acted as leader in the second half mile, quickly got headed, and Earla Mor indeed virtually had the prize secured in the last three furlongs.

Lord VILLIERS DISAPPOINTED.

Alcanzor made amends for Tuesday's failure by taking the Stud Produce Stakes from Lovania, and others, whom Bridge of Cannay was the greatest disappointment. Lord Villiers, one of the junior nobles who delight in the game, expected to win the All-Aged Plate with Minikin, but greatly to the surprise of the bookmakers the outsider Rose Lips beat the lot.

Neither did the professionals do badly over the Steeplechase Plate, it was the best betting race of the afternoon. Charis, Persil, Red Robe, and Isle of Ely were large orders. It would be interesting to know the aggregate wealth of their owners. None of their horses won, but the modest stake fell to another very rich owner in Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, whose aptly-named Mrs. Quicksilva, a daughter of Merry Wife, scored rather easily from Lord Howard de Walden's representative, Isle of Ely.

GREY FRIARS.

ADVENTURESS AT THIRTEEN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
PARIS, Tuesday.—Marie Vallon, who describes herself as the Marchioness of Granville, the Countess of Valizy, and Lady Beauprand, is only thirteen and a half years of age.

Yet she has confessed that she has conspired to blackmail a wealthy admirer. She has been sent to a reformatory school for girls until she reaches the age of twenty-one.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

As Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House yesterday distributed service medals to a number of officers of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Colonel the Earl of Harrington has, says an Aldershot telegram, given up the command of the Cheshire Imperial Yeomanry.

Protest having been made by the Highways Protection League against motoring on Filey Sands, the urban council of that East Yorkshire resort laid the letter containing it on the table.

Three charges of housebreaking and one of attempted housebreaking were proved against a fifteen-year-old boy named Arthur Ann at Bradford, and he was bound over to be of better behaviour.

Practical response was forthcoming to the appeal of Lord Roberts for a nation of expert riflemen when, at Port Sunlight last night, a miniature range was opened for the cultivation and encouragement of correct marksmanship.

Liverpool Parks and Gardens Committee have refused permission for children to play organised games in the parks of that city. School teachers are drawing attention to the urgent need there is for the provision of children's playgrounds.

In conformity with ancient custom, the new Manx laws passed in the last twelve months were proclaimed in Manx and English from Tynwald Hill, in the island, yesterday. Even though they have been carried by both branches of the Manx Parliament, and have received the royal assent, the laws are without force until proclaimed in this manner.

By the completion of the battleship Hindustani for the British Government in thirty-two months, Messrs. John Brown, Ltd., Clydebank, have achieved a record in battleship construction.

Mementoes of their tenure of office are in future to be presented to the Lord Mayors and Lady Mayoresses of Sheffield. The first recipients of these civic jewels will be Alderman and Mrs. Jonas.

His Majesty's prize of £20, presented to the Honourable Artillery Company, has this year been won by Corporal Petit, of B Battery. The Prince Christian Victor Cup was carried off by B Battery.

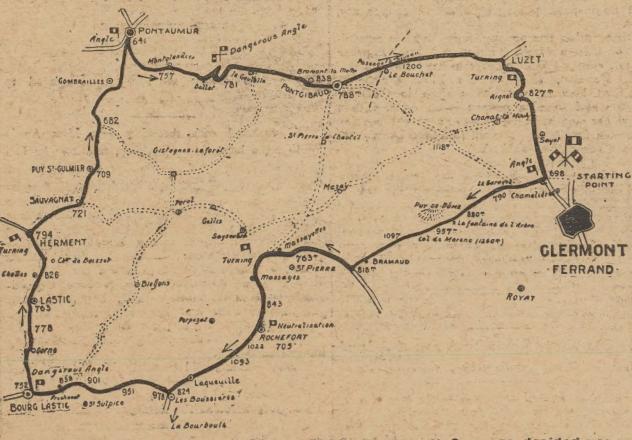
Last night 129 students were "called to the Bar" at the four Inns of Court. There were forty-one at the Inner Temple, thirty-six each at the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, and sixteen at Gray's Inn.

When the police of his district were informed of the charge against him, said Mr. Norris Bretherton, J.P., Burnley Hall, Chorley, who was fined at Bedale (Yorks) for motoring beyond the legal speed, they were astounded, as they looked upon him as a model driver.

For their gallantry in attempting to rescue a man who was overcome by foul gas in a Rotherham sewer, Thomas Bassett, John E. Coleman, and Thomas Standish have been awarded the certificates, and Thomas Follett the medal, of the Royal Humane Society.

John Drew, lodgerkeeper on Sir Redvers Buller's Downes estate, in Devonshire, has just celebrated his golden wedding. He has been on the estate fifty-two years, and in his younger days had the care of the six oxen which were used in the cultivation of the land of the farms.

YESTERDAY'S GREAT MOTOR-CAR RACE.



The course over which the race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup was decided yesterday. It is just over 85 miles in length, and had to be traversed four times by the competing cars. There are many awkward curves and angles on the route. Some of the more dangerous are marked by small flags on the r.a.p.

Sir Benjamin Hingley, first baronet, of Bradley, Halesowen, Worcester, left a fortune of £158,696.

Cruelty inflicted on horses by the use of bearing reins, especially in hot weather, will be the subject of a question addressed to the Home Secretary by Captain Donelan, M.P.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., intends asking Mr. Balfour if he will consider the advisability of instituting an inquiry, by committee or otherwise, into the expenditure and financial position of the municipal corporations in this country.

Between Redhill and Three Bridges a tame pigeon flew into a compartment of an excursion train to Brighton, and after being fed with buns by some children, rested on the rack for some time, and then flew out of the window.

A sign of the times is furnished by the following official notice: "The names of officers wishing to proceed to Japan to study the language of that country are to reach the War Office through the proper channel by the 15th inst."

To-day a large party of London Roman Catholics leave Holborn Viaduct for Canterbury on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Thomas. On arrival at Canterbury they will march in a procession, singing hymns, to the Cathedral.

Mr. F. B. Grotian, of Ingmanthorpe Hall, Wetherby, formerly Conservative M.P. for Hull, left estate of the gross value of £168,771.

With a view to furthering the movement for the proposed seamen's annual service at St. Paul's, a meeting is to be held at the Mansion House on Wednesday, July 19, at 3 p.m., under the chairmanship of the Lord Mayor.

Blind, crippled, and otherwise afflicted children of Battersea to the number of 500 were entertained to a strawberry feast in Battersea Park yesterday. Many of the little sufferers had to be carried to the scene of the picnic on ambulances.

So surprised at finding a sovereign in the collection-box was the minister at the Normanton Wesleyan Church that he announced that if anyone had made a mistake he could have the change by applying at the vestry. Strange to say, there was no application.

In writing to the Hornsea (East Yorks) Urban Council to protest against the services and music of the Hull Christian Temperance Silver Band in the Promenade-gardens on Sunday, a resident said that in trying to vie with the noise of the band someone addressed the populace in such strident tones that he had to shut his windows to keep his dogs quiet.

GOOD POINTS IN MONEY MARKET.

Cheerful Disposition Apart from the Kaffir Section.

NEW BRISTOL LOAN.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—There was a little revival of Morocco talk to-day, resulting from the statement that the meeting between M. Rouvier and the German Ambassador was deferred. But taking the markets as a whole there was not much amiss, apart from the Kaffir section. A cheering influence was some increase in investment business in the gilt-edged section, mainly in the direction of such stocks as Transvaal Threes.

This is a natural movement, seeing that large sums in dividend have been and will be released. To-day about £6,000,000 of dividends came out. The steady gold influx, too, to this country is a good point, though Paris still seems disposed to meet the gold in the open market. Consols are unaltered at 903.

It can't be said that the new Bristol loan is exciting any enthusiasm. A 3½ per cent. loan, "par," with nothing in the shape of dividend concessions, certainly does not offer much inducement in the case of a fresh issue. Of course, the bulk of the money is required for the dock works, but the premium of 4 to-day seemed very nominal, and it would not be surprising if the failure to make any better concession to applicants caused the loan to meet with only a lukewarm reception.

The Home Railway traffics were really rather encouraging, for once in a way. But there is a degree of uncertainty about the dividends, and some people profess to fear disappointment. Consequently the tendency was for prices to droop. The speculative Southern stocks were not bad. Chathams and South-Easterns recovered on the revival of the story of the Cunard calling at Dover, and Great Northern Deferred kept up very well in face of a very bad traffic.

The Underground group was dull again on the electrification hitches. There was a good deal of selling of speculative rails on behalf of people "nipped" in Kaffirs.

FOREIGN RAILS.

Once more most of the market interest centred in the Foreign Railway group. It is curious how for a long time past this section has been so attractive, but certainly traffics and dividends have been encouraging enough, and investors have naturally seen their way. To-day the Argentine Railway traffics were splendid, especially the Great Southern and the Pacific. But they did not have very much influence on prices.

In the Brazilian group there was an excellent Leopoldina traffic, and at one time the stock was up to 69, but there was a good deal of profit-taking by recent speculators, which checked the market temporarily.

Refunding chances caused Manila debentures to be bought. But the Mexican Railway group seemed to be the one in which business was growing, and Mexican rails themselves were strong, helped by a bad traffic. In the Canadian group Grand Trunk was perhaps not quite so good as yesterday, but not at all a bad market. Canada Atlantic 4 per cent. scrip has been bought quite firmly by investors, and has now hardened to 14 premium.

PARIS WEAKNESS.

There was not really very much amiss with Foreigners, though Paris showed a little weakness. Still, the relative firmness of the Berlin Bourse seemed to show that there was not much in the Morocco question. Most Paris favourites were small fractions off colour. Russians and Japanese issues were moderately steady. Greeks were lower.

Copper shares started strongly under the lead of Rio Tinto, but fell back a little later. It was perhaps significant, having regard to the hitch in the Colombian debt settlement, that Colombian bonds were bought to-day.

Kaffirs are in a rotten condition. The best that can be said is that they closed above the worst. There is still talk of trouble, and Johannesburg Consolidated and Barnato Consols are flat at a shade over 2 on the dislike of the amalgamation proposal. Premier Diamonds were got down to 12½ at one time. Other mining markets were dull.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INTERNATIONAL MARINE (G. W.): Nothing doing here as a rule. Report now due.—SULPHIDE CORPORATION (N. B.): Gamble.

BARNATO CONSOLIDATED AND JOHANNESBURG INVESTMENT.

Important Discussion.

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It will pay YOU. It will interest YOU.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905.

"GIVEN TO THE PIGS."

At the end of the Ascot race meeting it was found that a considerable quantity of food in the stands would be wasted, the supply having been greater than the demand, and it was ultimately given to pigs.

JUST a commonplace statement in the course of a newspaper report. Fact recorded as the most ordinary event in the world. Usual thing to do with food that the rich cannot eat—to give it to pigs.

All that one reads about the hungry poor must be imaginary. There cannot really be people who have not enough to eat in England. If there were, they would be thought of when crumbs are falling from rich men's tables. Surely, they would be thought of before pigs.

Yes, they would if—what a big "if" it is—if there were any bond of brotherhood, of social unity, of sympathetic fellowship between those who have too much and those who have too little.

It is not a great ideal to hold up—that the Haves should give of their superfluity to the Have-nots. Far better would it be that the Have-nots should be put into a position to be independent of gifts. Yet how much suffering might be checked at once if only the waste food of the wealthy could be distributed among those who go often from Sunday to Saturday on nothing but tea and bread-and-butter, and are thankful to earn that!

The rich are always ready to get up bazaars or theatricals for the poor. They subscribe to countless charities with sleek secretaries and handsome offices. What they will not do is to think out ways for themselves of making life to

Those who tread life's stage
With weary feet and scanty wage,

less of a burden and a constant ache.

It surely would not be difficult to arrange that any eatables "not wanted" should go to those who want them so badly. Could not some simple mechanism be started to achieve this end? It brings a sharp pain to the heart to see so many white, hungry faces about and to hear of quantities of good food being "given to the pigs."

H. H. F.

"THE CASE IS ALTERED."

There is a very old story—I believe it can be deciphered on Assyrian monuments—about a man who remonstrated with his neighbour for treating his goat too harshly.

Shortly afterwards this man saw a goat for sale cheap, and decided to buy it. He had not owned the creature a week before he found himself obliged to use exactly the same means of keeping it in order as his neighbour employed.

"Such a creature as a goat is not fit to live," was his cry; and when his neighbour twitted him with his inconsistency he could only answer that circumstances altered cases, and that he was now better acquainted with the nature of goats than he had been before.

The German Press is now supplying us with an amusing modern version of this old tale. We all remember how it abused us for what it called our harshness to the Boers and what affectionate admiration it expressed for them. Now it is calling them "negroes with white skins" and wishing they could be exterminated forthwith.

All this is because Germans have come to know the Boer character. A number of Boers were settled in German East Africa. They have not proved themselves quite the paragons they were imagined to be. And now the German newspapers are abusing the whole Boer nation as vigorously as they used to call down the wrath of Heaven upon us.

"Circumstances alter cases" indeed!

B. R.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What has he done? is the question which searches men and transpires every false reputation—

Emerson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the Princess Victoria, the only unmarried daughter of the King and Queen, celebrates the thirty-seventh anniversary of her birthday. The Princess is without doubt the most retiring member of our Royal Family, but the fact that she cares little for public ceremonies has not interfered with the quiet popularity which she enjoys. That was clearly proved by the universal sympathy felt for her when she fell ill at the beginning of the year.

street is ready for occupation. His Majesty's apartments in the Jockey Club are very charming, and look over the beautiful garden of the club. Generally before racing his Majesty takes a stroll about the lawn, playing with the little dog who is his constant companion.

Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., is fortunate in having been favoured by the London County Council (which, as we all know, spends money so generously) to design and model the eight bronze panels which are to be placed on Vauxhall Bridge at a cost of £1,200 each. Mr. Drury has had a quiet but interesting career. His taste for art developed when he was a choir-boy at New College, and spent his days singing in the chapel there. He was a great deal influenced by a stay he made in London as a young man, under the teaching of Dalou, the French sculptor, who was at that time living over here in exile.

The story of how Mr. Drury learnt that he had been made an A.R.A. is amusing. He was pass-

the memoirs of the late Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and the first husband of the late Lady Dilke. He says: "When a parent comes to Oxford for the first time with his young cub under his wing he will very likely find himself at sea." That leaves one speechless with admiration.

The health of the bride and bridegroom at the Marquis of Bute's wedding to-day will certainly be drunk in some of the most generous wine procurable—wine from the Bute vineyards in South Wales. Lord Bute's father set himself, a good many years ago now, to prove that Britain, too, might become a land of the grape, but for some time the product of the vineyards he planted could only be sold at a loss. He persevered, however, and was able after a few years to sell his Welsh wine at a profit of some £3,000—enough to compensate him for the money sacrifices he had made.

Sir Henry Bellingham, the father of the bride, has also, curiously enough, some famous wine at his seat in the Co. Louth. The most famous bottle in his cellar there is of such historical importance that it will probably never be uncorked. It contains claret presented by William III, soon after the Battle of the Boyne, to Sir Henry Bellingham's ancestor, Colonel Thomas Bellingham, who served in William's army. To drink such wine now would be almost as extravagant as to drink pearls of great price, as Cleopatra did, dissolved in a cup of gold.

The colonel and officers of the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers have issued invitations for some regimental sports on July 20, which are to take place on Hounslow Heath, in celebration of Omdurman Day, which really falls on September 2; but as so many people will be away from London then, it was thought advisable to hold the sports earlier this year.

Mrs. Mackay's concert in Carlton House-terrace is one of the social events of the evening, but her daughter, Princess Colonna, will not be with her, as she has lately gone abroad. She is likely, however, to return to London very shortly.

Mme. Melba is the latest sufferer from influenza. She has been quite ill with it this week and unable to leave her bed since Saturday last. She is going down to the country to-day in the hope of getting a little fresh air and rest before singing again next week.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

ROCKEFELLER'S MUNIFICENCE(?)

Let me add my testimony to the leading article by "H. H. F." A few miles east of Chicago is the town of Whiting, in which is located the largest refinery works of the Rockefeller system, and the whole town is peopled by Rockefeller employees. After living there I can testify that on every occasion that some magnificent gift has been handed to the world a cut in the workmen's wages and a rise in the price of the oil have inevitably followed.

The mighty Rockefeller's dependents always receive news of such "gifts" with fear and trembling, not knowing how deeply it may affect them.

Sunnyside, Earlswood.

J. H. G.

"ENGLAND AHEAD OF AMERICA"

As a patriotic American, I must take exception to Cyrus P. Morgan's remarks in which he accuses his fellow-citizens of being more noisy than energetic.

May I ask from whence came the rubber heel, the noiseless typewriter, and the equally silent swaying door, if not from America?

Certainly London is a fine city, as befits the metropolis of an Empire, but, as a New Yorker, I am positive my own city could give it "shakes," as we say.

EBENEZER H. PRIME.

Charterhouse Hotel, E.C.

A NATIONAL PERIL

I should like to offer you my sincere congratulations for the brave way you speak the drink question. Strong evils require strong remedies. If the Churches do not wake up to a sense of their responsibility the drink trade will before long wipe Christianity out of this country. The Churches ought to unite in praying that the present Government may be speedily dissolved and also abolished.

(Lady) NINA SEAFIELD.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 5.—Here are the lovely sweet peas, perhaps the most welcome of summer flowers. Growing on either side of a long gravel path, they will soon form two great hedges of bloom, and what a joy a walk between them will be in the early morning!

The most brilliant colour now in the garden is presented by the scarlet lichens—a splendid plant that will light up a whole border.

Lily-time has begun. To-day, from their moist quarters, the early varieties of this beautiful family, with yellow, orange, and scarlet blossoms, proudly raise their heads. The white Madonna lilies, the fairest of all, will soon scent the hot July air.

E. F. T.

WANTED: AN INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE.



To capture and muzzle national mad dogs, especially those of Russia. At present a nation can do with impunity what an individual gets and deserves penal servitude for.

our royalties to be more human, and the Princess Victoria, in this respect, certainly fulfils the ideal.

* * *

It amuses her immensely to be taken for a subject, and she seems to remember with delight the various occasions on which this has happened to her. Only the other day, so it is said, she was walking quietly in Bond-street, and hesitated to cross at one of the crowded places, when a policeman had stopped the traffic for her. "Come on, young woman," said the policeman, who, of course, had not recognised her, "hurry up. We can't wait all the day for you." Sometimes the Princess is unpleasantly stared at. Once, at Torquay, after failing to get rid of the crowd which followed her by putting her parasol before her face, she was obliged to halt a fly and drive away.

* * *

Count Szapary, who gave a dinner-party at Claridge's Hotel the other night, is a young Austro-Hungarian of considerable artistic tastes. He is a born musician, and plays the cymbal like a professional, putting any amount of fire and "go" into his playing. He is also very keen on motoring, and makes frequent excursions in the neighbourhood of Buda-Pesth and Vienna. He is well known in Paris and London society, and is a great favourite with all, on account of his bright and cheery manners.

* * *

With fine weather the attendance at Newmarket to-day should be even larger than it was on Tuesday. The King will be present, and will drive in a motor-car from the Jockey Club Rooms, where he continues to reside until his house in the High-

ing, late one evening, down Piccadilly, and suddenly remembered that the news of the Academy election was to have been announced that day. He inquired at Burlington House, but the porter there knew nothing and referred him to the "pub" at the corner, where some Academy "hangovers" and so forth—resorted. He was there informed that Mr. Drury was "h in," and without disclosing himself gave the man who told him the news 5s. to drink his health.

* * *

One cannot help feeling very surprised that Mr. Lucy, famous as "Toby, M.P.," of "Punch," should have managed to offend anybody, and that Mr. Moy Thomas should actually be bringing a libel action against him. A man of many acquaintances, and the most conciliatory person imaginable, Mr. Lucy seldom writes or says a word which could possibly be judged unkind. Perhaps that is partly why so many distinguished people are to be met at his dinner-table at No. 42, Ashley-gardens. His house is, on a smaller scale, almost as renowned for "celebrity parties" as Lady Jeune's used to be in Harley-street.

* * *

Was there ever a man with a more continuous Parliamentary experience than Mr. Lucy's? His store of odd incidents and sayings is unequalled. Perhaps his mixed metaphor collection is the best part of these. He tells of one member who remarked, "Since the Government has let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to do but to take the bull by the horns;" and of another who complained that the "Gas Bills were being sent to the Lords with a rope round their necks." The choicest mixed metaphor I ever came across occurs, however, in

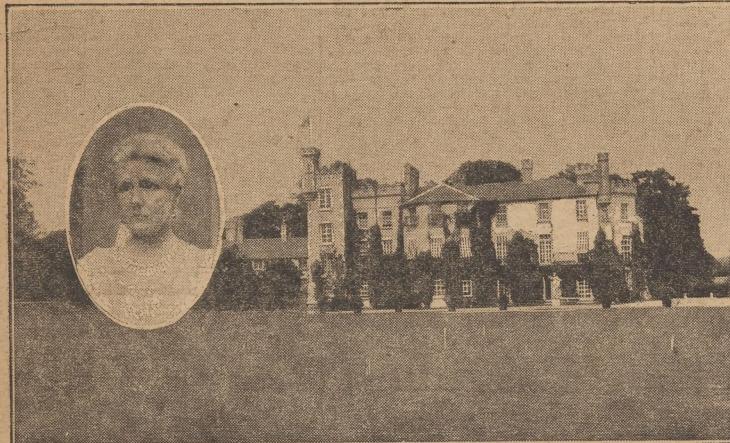
NEWS IN VIEWS

WINNER OF THE MOTOR-CAR DERBY.



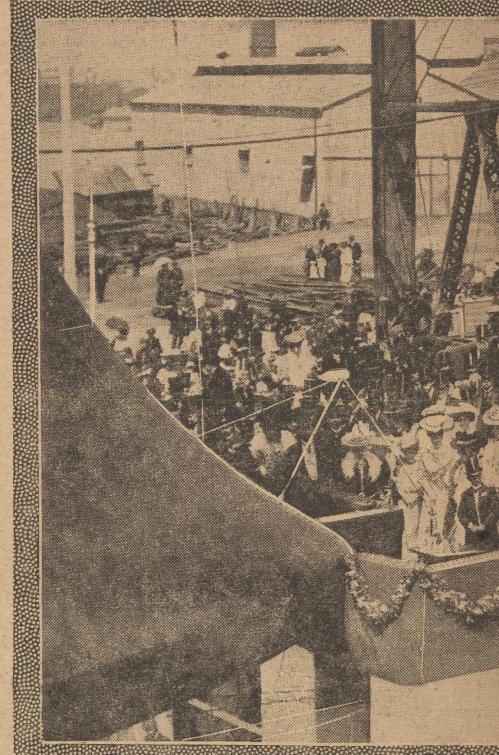
A good portrait of Théry, who won the Gordon-Bennett race for the second time yesterday. He was one of the representatives of France, and drove a Richard-Brazier car. The smaller pictures are characteristic snapshots of the champion French driver.

SCENE OF TO-DAY'S WEDDING FESTIVITIES.



Castlebellingham, Co. Louth, the home which Miss Augusta Bellingham leaves to-day on her marriage with the Marquis of Bute. The wedding is to take place at the Kilsaran Roman Catholic Church close by. The portrait inserted in the photograph is of the present Marchioness of Bute, mother of the bridegroom. She is a daughter of the first Baron Howard of (Russell.)

JAPANESE BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED BY PRINCE ARISUGAWA

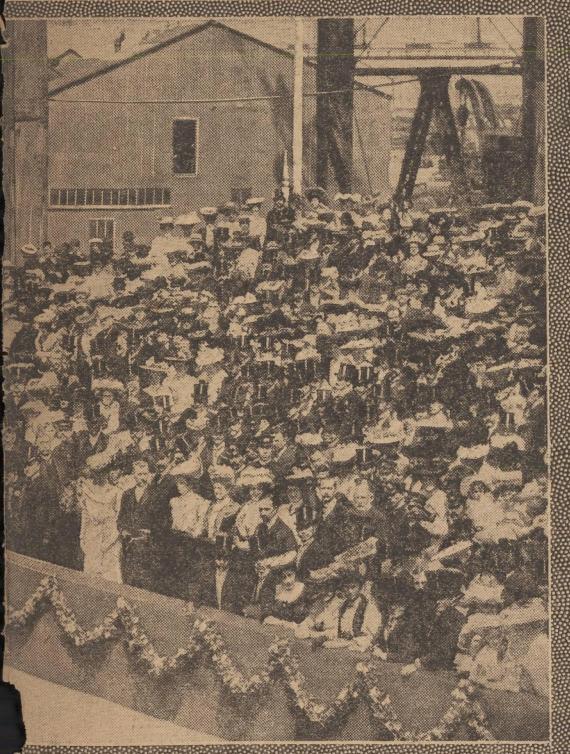


The scene in Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim's yard at Barrow where the Japanese battleship Katori was seen standing with Prince Arisugawa and Viscount Hayashi close by. The vessel was released from a balloon-shaped cage at the bow of the Katori at 11.30 a.m.



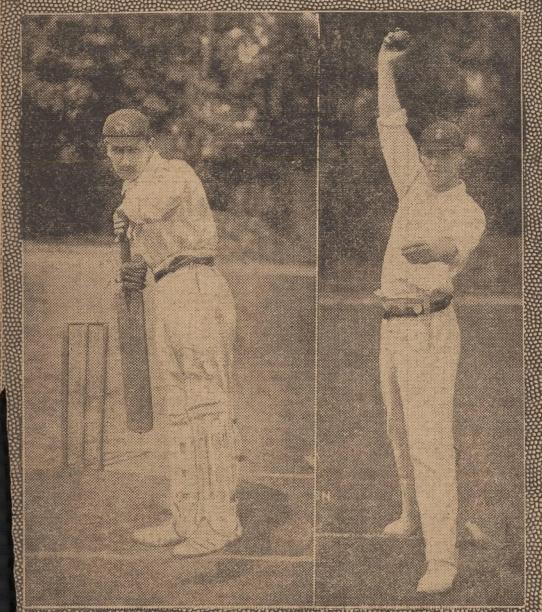
A snapshot of the Japanese battleship Katori at the moment of her launching. The vessel weighed 9,400 tons when she took the water, which is said to be a record launching weight. When completed the Katori will be the most powerful warships in the navy of Japan.

“BESHIP ‘KATORI’ CESS ARISUGAWA”



Japanese battleship Katori was launched by the Princess Arisugawa, who can be seen in the background. In accordance with Japanese custom a number of doves were released from the ship as it was launched. It is the belief in Japan that this brings good luck.

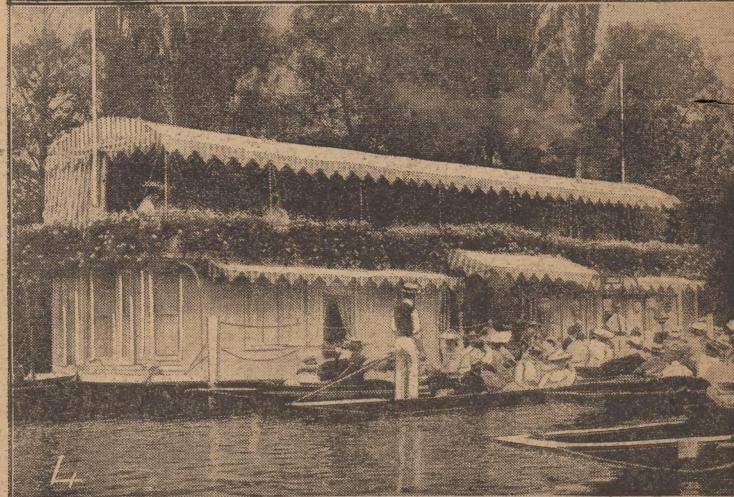
HEROES OF THE TEST MATCH.



Tyldesley, the Lancashire professional, just succeeded in making his century against the Australians at Leeds yesterday in England's second innings.

Warren, the Derbyshire bowler, took five of the best Australian wickets for 57 runs. It is the first time he has played in a Test match.

ROYAL HENLEY IN PHOTOGRAPHS



Some photographs taken at Henley Regatta yesterday. A crowd of boats at the finishing post is the subject of No. 1, and No. 2 is a scene on the course during an interval in the racing. No. 3 is an excellent snapshot of Mr. F. S. Kelly, the Leander oarsman, who seems to stand a good chance of winning the Diamond Sculls this year. One of the prettiest houseboats at Henley, the ‘Souvenir’, is photographed in No. 4.

MARQUIS OF BUTE AND HIS BRIDE.

Multi-Millionaire Peer Whose Wedding Takes Place To-day.

SCOTTISH-IRISH ALLIANCE.

Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths. The Marquis of Bute, whose wedding to-day is arousing so much interest, may be said to have been born with a golden one.

There seems to be little with which life has not dowered him. He is many times a millionaire; he has eleven titles, which in addition to his marquise comprise three earldoms and three viscounties; his landed possessions include nearly the whole of the island of Bute, a matter of 117,000 acres, and practically all Cardiff, from the mining and shipping industries of which town his great wealth comes. Now, to add to it all, he is making a love-match.

The marriage, too, has a somewhat international interest, though both bride and bridegroom are British, for while Lord Bute is intensely Scottish his bride, Miss Bellingham, is as fervently Irish. The marriage also unites two of the oldest families in the three kingdoms.

WAKING BY THE BAGPIPES.

Lord Bute is still quite a young man. He only attained his majority on June 20, 1902, just in time to render him eligible to take his place at the Coronation as a fully-fledged peer. Nothing is too Scottish to appeal to his tastes. When in Scotland he always wears his Stuart tartan and the kilt, and takes unfeigned pleasure in the sound of the bagpipes. In fact, each morning at his ancestral home of Mount Stuart the household is roused by the strains of the family piper.

And as a Highland chieftain should, Lord Bute loves the open life of mountain and stream more than the ways of the city and society. Travel, sport, his historic houses, and the national life of his country are his greatest delights.

He is not a tall or imposing-looking man, but has the air of dignity and reserve which come of his long ancestry. He is a man, too, of many accomplishments, but does not parade them. It has been said of him that though he speaks six languages, including Welsh and Gaeic, he prefers to speak them in silence.

Like his father and grandfather, who laid the foundation of the family fortune by starting the Cardiff Docks with an outlay of £350,000—a sum he did not find it too easy to realise—the young Marquis is a keen business man. Among the other things of which he has more than a working knowledge is farming.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MARRIAGE.

In religion Lord Bute is a Roman Catholic and, educated with his brothers and sister in an atmosphere of almost mystical devotion, his church plays a large part in his life. His bride and her family are of the same faith.

Miss Bellingham—pronounced Bellin-jam—is the daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, fourth baronet, by his first wife, Lady Constance, daughter of the second Earl of Gainsborough; and it would be hard to find a girl more typical of her people, the Irish.

She has the true Irish slightness of form and the true Irish darkness of feature, but her eyes are most truly Irish of all. They have that wonderful melting look, yet conquering power, which subdues the mere man before ever he is aware of his danger. And the brightness of her nature is genuine Irish too. She has the keenest appetite for all innocent amusement, and a smile is rarely absent from her lips and eyes. When it is, it is for some one else's troubles, not for her own.

She is nearly a year younger than Lord Bute, and her vivacity will be an excellent foil to his quieter and more retiring disposition.

AN OPEN-AIR GIRL.

Almost all her life has been passed in the country about Castlebellingham, and her tastes are as much for an open-air life as those of Lord Bute himself. The tenants on the estate have the greatest love and admiration for her, and will descend upon her perfection to anyone who is prepared to listen. Her feats on horseback, in driving or rowing are becoming quite fabulous in the exuberance of their effect.

But her open-air tastes do not prevent her having the highest social accomplishments, and she will be an ideal hostess in the Bute family mansions.

The young couple will have little reason, or even excuse, for making any alterations in those homes, for Lord Bute's father spent a fortune on restoring and decorating them. Their favourite one will be Mount Stuart, an immense Gothic structure of red sandstone. Cardiff Castle, of many old historic memories; another house, "A third is the house in Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, while one of their most magnificent possessions is their own house, St. John's Lodge, in Regent's Park, with its famous ballroom and still more famous gardens. There seems to be little left for them to wish for.

She paused for a moment, and her eyes rested on Chester's cleanly cut face. She had complete confidence in him, and a certain quiet air of refined distinction about him appealed to her. He seemed to be looking older than on the previous day, and much older than when she met him for the first time at Oxford.

Much had happened since those days. The romantically-inclined girl, who waxed secretly sentimental over the good-looking young undergraduate

ONE FALSE STEP.

BY HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has a taste for the florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MRS. DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Frank Chester had come to London to see the great Vincent Devenish of the Blue Star Line, who was going to give him his chance in life.

The interview was a success as far as Frank Chester was concerned—up to a point. Then he made the "one false step."

While Chester was talking to the great Devenish Mr. Dexter, the cashier, entered his chief's office and put on the table a short paper, worth of bank notes in parcels of two thousand pounds each.

Devenish left the young man in the room alone with the money for a few moments, and a foolish impulse prompted Chester to handle one of the packets—to experiment the sensation of holding two thousand pounds in his hand.

The parcel of notes slipped from his hand to the floor.

He stooped and snatched it up. His action might be misunderstood. But he was too late. Just as he straightened up Vincent Devenish opened the door and ushered in his daughter, Mrs. Daintree.

In panic, Chester thrust his right hand behind his back.

Eve Daintree was known to him. It was not a question of bowing to her, but of shaking hands—and he ducked the notes in his right hand.

He thrust the notes into his pocket. His forehead was damp with sweat. But—but he would must find opportunity to place the parcel with the others before its loss was noticed.

No opportunity occurred. He was escorted from the office to the door. From the door down the stairs the cashier walked at his side. He was obliged to carry the notes away.

His friend, Tom Mayfield, a clerk in a stockbroker's office, was waiting to greet him and hear the result of the interview. To Mayfield the young man confided the story of his folly. Mayfield was thunderstruck, and suggested a plan by which he might take back the notes and return them to the man who had found them, and tell him a plausible tale of having found them on the floor of the office. Chester confides the bank notes to his friend, who starts on his errand.

He finds the man in Mayfield's flat in an agony of suspense for his friend's return. But Mayfield does not return. Hour after hour goes by and Chester is forced reluctantly to the conclusion that he has been duped, and his friend has been duped with him.

There seems to be nothing left for him but suicide; but Queenie Mayfield, Tom's sister, arrives, and prevents him taking his life. She believes in her brother, and together they wait till morning, when Dexter, the cashier of Devenish's office, arrives at the flat, calculating that he saw the thief, and quite understands how it occurred.

"Give me the money and I will put it in the safe, she will say," he says. Chester despairing confesses that the money is gone. To his surprise Dexter offers to lend him two thousand pounds and replace the loss himself, in exchange for a L.O.U., declaring that he respects him as a man, as he is quite sure that one day Chester will be his employer, and marry the daughter of Vincent Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap and thus slings a milestone round his neck.

He starts work at the office, and Eve Daintree makes a great impression upon him. She wins him against Dexter, the cashier, whom she hates.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued).

The warning affected Chester like an unexpected trickle of cold water down the back.

It was impossible to regard it, following so closely on Queenie's advice, as merely the expression of a woman's unreasoning prejudice. Yet, on the other hand, it seemed strange and contradictory to Chester, with the character given him by Eve, should occupy such a responsible position in her father's business.

And Chester realised most keenly his own anomalous position. Dexter had impressed him unfavourably at first sight; Queenie had made it plain that the man had at some time behaved most objectionably to her, and Eve Daintree had given the cashier a downright bad character. But Dexter had, on the surface at least, behaved in a most disinterested, magnanimous, and almost fatherly fashion to Chester. The latter was experiencing the first faint chafing of the yoke.

"And, of course, he's not a gentleman," continued Eve. "He simply hasn't the instincts of one. But please don't look on me as a horrid, spiteful woman, Mr. Chester, who goes about making mischief for mischief's sake, and says nasty things behind people's backs. Mr. Dexter is perfectly well aware of my opinion of him. My real object in talking to you like this is not for the mere gratification of any ill-will I bear the creature, but in order to put you on your guard against the man before he has time to make a false impression and obtain an influence over you."

She paused for a moment, and her eyes rested on Chester's cleanly cut face. She had complete confidence in him, and a certain quiet air of refined distinction about him appealed to her. He seemed to be looking older than on the previous day, and much older than when she met him for the first time at Oxford.

Much had happened since those days. The romantically-inclined girl, who waxed secretly sentimental over the good-looking young undergraduate

for one whole week her most devoted squire, since then had passed through the fires of suffering and had been humiliated and disillusioned. But those who knew Eve Daintree intimately realised that she proud, sometimes overbearing manner was but a cloak covering a passionate and romantic nature. To those who really appealed to her no one could have been more charming or more affectionate; but she did not make fastish of the good opinion of that world, and she was contemptuously indifferent to the impression she made on those whom she disliked or regarded as uninteresting.

Chester appealed to her very strongly indeed, and he had appeared on the scene when she believed her father to be in sore need of a man of integrity and honour at his elbow.

The outside world had no inkling and only a few in the business world suspected that Vincent Devenish was not the man he had been; that too much champagne, insomnia, and sedatives in the shape of bromide of potassium, and pick-me-ups in the shape of arsenic and strichnine, were playing havoc with the man's nerves and physique; that, in consequence, the iron, comprehensive grasp with which in the past had controlled the policy of the firm was surely weakening. In the old days, it was Vincent Devenish first and everyone else nowhere. To-day he was inclined to listen to, and be influenced by, the judgment of others, and he was dabbling a little in outside speculations. A man may be an expert on one subject and a fool on another.

"And there's another reason why I am speaking so frankly to you, Mr. Chester," continued Eve, in a low, earnest voice. "I'm very much worried about my father. He's a different man to what he was. The terrible spells of insomnia from which he suffers prostrate him, mentally and physically. In consequence he's obliged to leave us others things he formerly did himself. I know, I can see, that he realises this himself, and feels the need of some man of real integrity about him, to look after his interests—some one he feels sure of."

She had changed completely from the contemplative woman of a few moments before. There was no gush; but her affection and her anxiety for her father were patent to Chester. As he suffered his eyes to rest on the beautiful woman who was taking him so unreservedly into her confidence, he could not help but feel honoured.

"Please don't think that I'm flattering you, Mr. Chester," she continued, after a moment's almost imperceptible hesitation, "but my father thinks most highly of you, and he held your father in the highest respect and affection. He told me so. He was delighted when he received your unexpected application for the secretaryship. He believes, too, in University men. He has it that they have a finer and more delicate sense of honour and a more comprehensive way of looking at things than the man whose nose is 'clapped straight away to the grindstone,' as he expresses it, before he has time to look about him. There's no doubt, is there, but that public schools and universities do cultivate a sense of fair play and honour—even if they don't teach one much practical knowledge?"

Her expressive eyes sought Chester's as if seeking confirmation. He was beginning to feel the irony of the situation intensely. What would Eve Daintree have thought had she known that, only on the previous day, he had walked out of her father's office with £2,000 worth of bank-notes, not belonging to him, in his pocket? He glanced involuntarily towards the massive door interposed between them and Mr. Dexter's office.

"And I'm simply delighted and relieved beyond measure that you're going to be my father's secretary."

"I feel most highly honoured," said Chester, with the suspicion of a stammer.

For a moment he was sorely tempted to make a clean breast of things; but the last thing a man cares about sacrificing is a woman's good opinion of himself, and also he was restrained by another and more unselfish feeling. He could not explain without involving Tom Mayfield. His feelings had changed since the night; and he was haunted by the thought that he might have done his friend a gross injustice. So he held his peace.

"Of course," continued Eve; "you will be looked on as an intruder and subjected to all sorts of petty jealousies and conspiracies. You see, you are stepping into a responsible position just when certain persons are beginning to take advantage of my father's ill-health and scheming to get the reins into their own hands. But you"—she looked at him for a moment with unaffected appreciation—"you are fully capable of holding your own. Please don't think me patronising, Mr. Chester."

She laughed gaily, as though she were all the happier for having arrived at an understanding with him, and rose from her chair.

"My father asked me to take you back to lunch. He will be up and about by then, and he's very anxious to have a talk with you. You are free?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall call for you at one and drive you home. And, by the way, I was to tell you that Mr. Northcote would be calling at eleven o'clock to take up a cash payment of £20,000, and ask you to authorise Mr. Dexter to transact the business on my father's behalf. Here is the key of the strong room."

Eve emphasised the word "authorise," and turned

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ACTORS AT THE OVAL.



Players in the London Actors v. Provincial Actors match at the Oval. The upper photograph shows Mr. Oscar Asche at the wicket, and in the lower Mr. Robert Evett (on the left) is with Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

QUEEN OF FLOWERS.



Four-year-old Miss Irene Collings was chosen "Queen of Flowers" by her companions at the old English fete held in Limehouse Town Hall, and crowned with all due ceremony by Lady Edmund Talbot.

HOME-WORKERS' FRIEND.



Mr. Thomas Holmes, the best known of the London police court missionaries, has given up his work at the North London Court, in order to manage a scheme for bettering the conditions of home-workers.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

ing her attention to a pile of letters, selected from it all those marked private. She pointed to those remaining.

"And would you please ask Mr. Cruff, the manager, to attend to these. I think that's all."

"Not a very arduous morning's work," said Chester, with a smile; "and a very brief lesson, I—er—was looking forward to a longer course of instruction."

For the moment uncomfortable thoughts were dismissed. He was his old self, and under the spell of Eve's fascinating and rather dominating personality something not far removed from a mild flirtation followed. If Chester associated Queenie Mayfield with an orchard and apple-trees he associated Eve with twilight on the river; one leafy shade along the river's bank being particularly associated with her. He reminded her of the spot, and recalled some fragments of a conversation. Eve's memory proved also good. She seemed in no particular haste to go. Her magnificent eyes were bright with animation.

It was very delightful, this living over again of old times.

"But I must be going," she said at last.

"And I," said Chester, "presume I'm to remain here, and do my best to appear important and busy when anyone appears, and refer all matters either to Mr. Cruff or Mr. Dexter, and conceal my ignorance as best I can under a mask of authority."

"Precisely," laughed Eve. "It is one of the greatest mistakes in the world to show doubt or hesitation in business. This is so, or this is not so. And trust no one but yourself."

He escorted her to the door.

"Do you mind if I ask you one question before you go?" he said, with some abruptness.

"Why, of course not."

"You have specifically warned me against Mr. Dexter, a man holding a most responsible position in the business. Why?"

"Why? Because he is utterly contemptible and untrustworthy."

The magnificent eyes flashed.

"But, surely," ventured Chester, "that being the case, it's curious that he continues to hold his position of trust here."

Eve's expression became troubled. She hesitated before making reply.

"That—that's a mystery, the solution of which I can only guess at. I've done my best to have the creature turned out of the place; but there's

something—some obligation in the background that my father keeps from me. I suppose my dislike is from personal feeling."

She was breathing quickly, wrestling with some emotion. She had confirmed the uncomfortable suspicion that had already taken possession of Chester. It looked as if Mr. Dexter had some strong grip on Vincent Devenish.

"But you yourself," he said in a low voice; "you have some actual reason for this distrust?"

Her face went hard and white. Her lips curled with bitterness—or pain.

"Yes; but a reason that it would be quite impossible for me to voice."

She laid a gloved hand on his wrist, and there was an intensity in her touch that sent a thrill through his blood.

"Mr. Chester, I want you to watch that man, fight him—and beat him."

But an instant later she was the proud, well-bred woman, with a conventional smile on her lips. Someone was knocking on the door.

"Then I shall call for you at one o'clock," she cried. "Au revoir."

Chester held open the door. Coldly acknowledging the salutation of the individual standing outside, she passed along the corridor. The individual, standing on the threshold, a florid-faced person, with a bulldog jaw, the lips of a sensualist, and a waxed moustache, watched Eve out of sight with an expression of undisguised admiration that was all but insolent, before addressing himself to Chester. The latter took an instant and strong dislike to the man, who was chewing a clove to disguise evidence of a recent brandy-and-soda.

"Mr. Devenish in?"

Chester explained that Mr. Devenish would not be attending the office that day.

"Then I'll phone him."

And Mr. Hesper Mordaunt brushed past Chester unceremoniously and possessed himself of the office and the telephone as though the place belonged to him.

"I'm Mordaunt," he explained, in an off-hand manner. "I suppose you're the secretary Devenish was telling me about?"

The man looked about forty years of age, and, in a coarse, fleshy kind of way, was not ill-looking; but he was too over-dressed to look the gentleman, and his manners confirmed his personal appearance. So this was Hesper Mordaunt, Devenish's stock-broker and Tom Mayfield's late employer. From what he said into the telephone, Chester gathered that Aluminiums were bound to go higher, and that Mordaunt was strongly advising Mr. Devenish to reconsider his instructions to sell, and hold on for

all he was worth; advice that was apparently taken.

His business transacted, Mordaunt turned his attention to Chester.

"Strikes me," he said, with a coarse laugh, "you know a good thing when you see it, Mr.—er—er."

"Chester. But I don't follow you."

"A fine woman helps to break up the monotony of office routine, eh? Deuced fine woman, Mrs. Daintree, and very fond of what she likes, too. Good morning."

It was the kind of humour that Chester neither understood nor appreciated. For a moment he eyed Mordaunt stonily; then, disregarding his salutation, deliberately turned his back on him and picked up a newspaper.

"One of those cursed University prigs," remarked Mordaunt under his breath as he quitted the office.

"A rank outsider," thought Chester. Then, Eve being no longer present to distract his attention, his thoughts returned to Mr. Dexter, and troubled him considerably.

The man had dinned it into him, that early morning, that Devenish thought most highly of him and that Eve thought most highly of him, and his words had been confirmed by Eve herself—so unmistakably that it had been false modesty on Chester's part to pretend not to realise the fact.

And, without any conceit, but merely looking at things as they were, it struck Chester the possibility of partnership some day, provided that he proved himself worthy, was, in his absurdly amateurish way, the best thing in the world to Chester. And Mr. Dexter's other suggestion—but another interruption occurred in the shape of Mr. Northcote.

"If you'll wait a minute," said Chester, "I will tell Mr. Dexter you're here."

He entered the cashier's office, and experienced a sudden and rather sickly qualm. He had part of it granted that Dexter had fulfilled his part of the contract and made good the missing notes!

Mr. Dexter was in the act of dictating a letter to a shorthand clerk. He greeted Chester as if it were the first time of seeing him, that morning. He was wearing his mechanical office manner.

"Oh, yes," he said, Chester having explained. "I will attend to the matter."

He moved across to a safe. Chester held his breath as the cashier took out ten parcels of notes and quickly flicked them through with his expert fingers.

"Enter these numbers," he said to the clerk, and dictated them rapidly.

(To be continued.)



"What Food Shall Give Baby?"

There is no question that is so frequently asked as the one quoted at the head of this article, and its importance cannot be exaggerated. So many patent foods are offered to the public, and such strong claims are made on their behalf, that parents become bewildered by the conflicting claims which are made. We wish to bring some clear and intelligible facts before the notice of mothers and nurses, which will enable them to come to a right decision on this important point. Do not say, "It really does not matter, because one food is just as good as another." It does matter, and all the difference in the world will be made as regards the future health, strength, and vigour of baby according as your choice now is a wise or unwise one. Let us therefore invite you, in the interests of baby, to consider the statements made in the next two or three paragraphs.

REQUIREMENTS OF A PERFECT FOOD.

The right food will, in the first place, be that builds up bone, brain, nerves, muscles, tendons, and teeth, and obviously a food cannot do this if it is not a perfect combination of the various elements necessary for this purpose. Next, it must be a food that without being pre-digested is at the same time easy of digestion, so that whilst no undue strain is put on the digestive organs they are properly exercised and developed. Finally, it should be a food which commends itself to doctors and experts in infant feeding.

THE IDEAL FOOD.

We have just described the requirements of a perfect food, and have now to state that every condition here laid down is absolutely and completely met by "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids." It contains everything necessary to build up the body, is easy of digestion, has received the highest recommendations, both of the medical press and medical men (who largely use it in their own families), and the final proof of outstanding excellence is found in the fact that "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is used in the Royal Nurseries of England and Wales.

WHY "SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD" SHOULD BE USED.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" should be used because it affords valuable and easily digested nourishment, and it renders cows' milk more digestible. Infants fed on it will put on firm flesh; have rosy cheeks, increase normally in weight, cut their teeth properly, and develop muscular strength. They will not have rickets or scurvy; be constipated, or have diarrhoea, and will not be pigeon-breasted or have exhausting sweats or offensive motions. On the contrary, they will grow up into healthy children, well-developed mentally and bodily, and with strong teeth not liable to decay. If you are in any doubt as to the right food for baby, surely here is conclusive evidence that "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is used in the Royal Nurseries of England and Wales.

STRENGTH FOR THE AGED AND INVALIDS.

Every statement made as to the excellence of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" applies quite as much to invalid feeding. It is enjoyed, and is well digested and retained when every other food fails. One reason why it is so much appreciated by invalids, the aged, and all whose digestion is weak, is that it may be prepared in so many different ways without either its digestibility or nutritive value being in the slightest degree impaired. They who have the care of convalescents and the outer classes mentioned will do well to give a trial to "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids," as they may be quite sure the experiment will prove brilliantly successful. Mothers who are so fortunate as to be able to nurse their children, should also remember that a gruel made with "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is infinitely more nutritious and easily digested than gruel made with ordinary oatmeal and not so fattening. The abundance of the flow of milk as well as the quality of the milk are consequently both improved by its use.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

Messrs. Savory and Moore are very anxious that parents, nurses, and others should convince themselves of the virtues of their "Best Food for Infants and Invalids," and they are therefore pleased to send a large trial tin in return for six penny stamps.

A most useful and interesting booklet, forming a valuable Guide to Infant Health, Feeding and Progress, will also be sent post free, together with instructions as to the way to prepare "Savory and Moore's Best Food" for invalids and the aged, or the booklet will be sent by itself in response to a postcard. "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 3s., and 10s. The large trial tin will be sent post free for six penny stamps by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Chemists, the King, 143, New Bond-street, London, W., all who mention the "Daily Mirror."

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THE BRIDE'S LACE, AND THE BRIDES-MAIDS' PEASANT DRESSES.

To-day Ireland will be the scene of a most picturesque wedding—that of the Marquis of Bute and Miss Augusta Bellingham, for whom have been made trousseau toilettes of surpassing beauty. The noble bridegroom will present a superb spectacle in full Highland costume, and when the bride joins him at the altar it will be seen that she looks like a veritable picture. This she literally will be, for she is to wear a toilette copied in every detail from the portrait of an ancestress of Lord Bute.

The robe is shown in the picture on the right; it is a glorious shimmer of silver brocade and Brussels lace, with a panel at the side of soft white chiffon and chiffon roses. Heirloom lace forms the exquisite Brussels flounces and veil, the gift of Queen Adelaide years ago to an ancestress of Miss Bellingham.

But the list of the pictur-esque items that will beautify the wedding is not yet exhausted. The bridesmaids will look very winsome in peasant dresses—one of which is illustrated on this page—made of cream crépe de Chine with white lawn kerchiefs over the shoulders, and short sleeves. Hoods of Irish blue crépe lined with white will be worn on the heads of the pretty girls, and their stockings and shoes will match them and be made of blue silk.

Among her trousseau gowns the young Marchioness has a beautiful amber nimon-de-soie dress, specially devised in order that she may wear with it a favourite and valuable set of amber ornaments she possesses. The girdle round the waist is terminated by real amber tassels, and the sleeves are chiffon ones held together at the shoulders by means of tangerine-orange chenille lattice-work. Yet another evening gown made of rose taffetas has an exquisite Medicis collar which will give dignity to the little bride and frame her glorious hair most charmingly.

SALT AS A BEAUTIFIER.
MANY BENEFICIAL WAYS OF
USING IT.

Ordinary table salt is found a most potent aid in any number of ordinary troubles, for it may not only be used in the bath and for stimulating the growth of the hair, but also for cleansing and brightening the teeth, for removing the pain and aching sensation from tired feet, and, most im-



The future Marchioness of Bute's wedding-dress, her going-away dress, and the Medicis collar of another evening toilette, all of which are described in the letterpress adjoining.

portant of all, for beautifying and preserving the complexion.

In the hair shampoo departments salt is being used more and more. One prominent authority

believes in giving her patients what she calls a dry shampoo once a week, and for this she mixes equal parts of eris powder and salt, shakes the resulting powder into the hair, and rubs the scalp thoroughly. Then she carefully brushes every particle out of the hair again by means of a specially-constructed brush.

Bay Rum Speciality.

Another specialist uses a very fine kind of bay rum, adding to it the required quantity of salt, and then proceeds to use this lotion on the scalp, applying it by means of a stiff brush or a sponge and finishing with an active finger massage manipulation.

As a complexion beautifier there are several ways in which salt may be used. Take an equal quantity of water and sufficient rosewater to make with salt a saturated solution for sponging the face, arms, and neck, and thus refining the skin and removing any trace of oiliness. When the complexion is extremely muddy a mixture of salt and milk may be used with very good effect. This is done by pouring a cupful of milk into a little dish and then adding about one third of a cup of salt. Allow this to remain in a tolerably warm place for an hour or so, and then the thick creamy mixture must be spread carefully on the skin and be allowed to stay there for an hour or so before being sponged off. The skin really looks many shades lighter and much more attractive after this process has been completed than it did before.

Salt in the Bath.

For whitening the teeth salt is unexcelled not only for removing all traces of a yellow tinge but because it is a preservative of the gums. For the bath the uses of salt are numerous. Add a cupful of salt to the bath every morning. The result will be found most invigorating. The combination of equal parts of salt, soda, and alum, with the addition of aromatic spirits of ammonia and a little oil of lavender, makes one of the best known perfumed baths and is, in addition, especially cooling and restful, thus making a popular warm weather method.

For aching and tender feet, a hot salt bath each night has been known to work wonders. The salt should be added to the hot water in the proportion of one cup of salt for every quart of water and the feet should be kept in this bath for at least twenty minutes. If any degree of irritation results the salt may be removed by sponging the feet with clear cold water afterwards.



One of the Irish peasant dresses to be worn by the bridesmaids at Miss Bellingham's wedding is illustrated above, and the lovely amber evening gown from the trousseau.

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I looked with dismay at all the marvellous bargains I had bought at the sales, and longed for the knowledge of a reliable manipulator of goods. Luck went with me and I rejoice, for I have found a really clever dressmaker in Mme. Lacy, of 53, Conduit-street, who will make *à la carte* these materials and this for the nominal sum of 30s. She has turned out the prettiest little frock imaginable of muslin, lace, and frills, and what is more *à la carte* of prepared to go on likewise making up one's *à la carte* materials for just this 30s. during the months of July and August. This is a unique price for a dressmaker of Mme. Lacy's renown. She will turn out your frock in a manner the social woman dubs "inexpensive simplicity," whilst you revel secretly and gleefully in the knowledge.

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EIFFEL TOWER
You can neither make nor buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, so convenient, so inexpensive.

LEMONADE

2 GALLONS 4/-
ALSO USE EIFFEL TOWER JELLIES

CRICKET SCORES.

Noble's Magnificent Display for
Australia — Easy Win
for Surrey.

(Continued from page 4.)

Another double change took place just after the 100 up, Jackson and Blythe being the new bowlers. It did not worry Armstrong, who continued to play cricket, and at 32 reached his 1,000 runs. Noble sat on the splice.

Armstrong, who had nearly been caught at point by Jackson, played a leg instead of a bat to a straight one from Blythe, 117—43.

At 118 Little missed a chance of stumping Noble off Blythe, the ball jumping up and hitting him on the mouth off his thumb. At 121 Blythe clean bowled Darling, the ball breaking back on the leg-leg. The light was poor, and, with two and a quarter hours to go, it looked a good thing for England.

Noble and Gregory made a great stand. Noble was bat two hours and a half for his 50 runs. Gregory had a bit of luck once or twice from Haigh, but the ball moved the wicket. When he had made 55 Noble gave to Blythe a hot return, which the Kent man failed to hold.

In the end Boanquet got Noble stamped by Little with the score at 199.

There was still time to get the last three wickets down, but McLeod and Gregory played with the utmost caution. Every ball was watched with breathless excitement, but no further success fell to England.

After a couple of appeals to the umpire on account of the light, it was declared unfit for play, and Australia had again avenged defeat. Full score and analysis—

ENGLAND.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
C. B. Fry, c. Noble, b. McLeod	20	20
B. T. Blythe, b. Armstrong	20	20
H. H. Jackson, b. Armstrong	100	100
D. Darling, c. Duff, b. McLeod	0	0
H. G. Haigh, c. Hill, b. Armstrong	12	12
H. F. S. Jackson, not out	12	12
J. Boanquet, c. Duff, b. Duff	144	144
H. G. Haigh, c. Duff, b. Armstrong	17	17
B. Laver, c. Duff, b. Armstrong	35	not out
B. T. Blythe, c. Duff, b. Armstrong	20	not out
H. G. Haigh, c. Duff, b. Armstrong	11	11
Warren, run out	11	11
W. Ward, c. Armstrong	7	7
Extras	0	0
Total	301	167
Innings declared closed.	Total (for 5 wkt.) 395	

AUSTRALIANS.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
B. A. Duff, c. Liley, b. McLeod	48	20
Blythe, c. Noble, b. McLeod	17	17
H. G. Trumper, b. Warren	32	9
C. M. A. Noble, c. Hayward, b. Warren	53	53
W. Ward, c. Armstrong, b. Hay	2	2
D. Darling, c. Armstrong, b. Hay	32	16
H. G. Haigh, c. Armstrong, b. Hay	32	16
A. J. Hopkins, c. Liley, b. Jackson	17	17
H. G. Haigh, c. Liley, b. Jackson	35	not out
C. E. McLeod, c. Haigh	32	not out
J. K. Kelly, not out	1	10
B. Laver, c. Warren	7	7
Extras	5	19
Total	195	Total (for 7 wkt.) 224

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

ENGLAND.—First Innings.

	o.	m.	r.w.	o.	m.	r.w.
Nobles	23	16	69	1	26	5
Laver	10	10	10	1	24	6
Duff	4	1	13	1	12	8
Bowled two wickets and Nobles and McLeod one no-ball.						

	Second Innings.
McLeod	23
Armstrong	51
Blythe	14
Warren	10
Ward	10
Darling	10
H. G. Haigh	10
A. J. Hopkins	10
B. Laver	10
C. E. McLeod	10
J. K. Kelly	not out
B. Laver, c. Warren	7
Extras	5
Total	195

	Second Innings.
McLeod	62
Armstrong	14
Blythe	12
Warren	10
Ward	10
Darling	10
H. G. Haigh	10
A. J. Hopkins	10
B. Laver	10
C. E. McLeod	10
J. K. Kelly	not out
B. Laver, c. Warren	7
Extras	5
Total	195

Note: bowled six wickets and Armstrong one no-ball.

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